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## Janie's Prayer.

On the Late War, and Other Sketches.

She was only six years old when all the trouble came along, and little hearts feel gloom and grief very badly, I think. Anyhow, Janie's did, and the wee maid used to creep about the house with a sort of crushed look that was sad to see on such a round pretty face.

'Daddy's gone to war,' she would whisper; 'gone to fight bad men, an' maybe Daddy

'You see,' Janie said, standing in the doorway of the lovely blue-and-white bedroom, 'I don't feel 'xactly good enough to come in,' and she stuck her dimpled fingers in her pink mouth, in a sort of shame. Mother did look so sweet and sad, and so very very, gentle, but when she held out her arms Janie was soon in their loving shelter.

'Course I'm wicked,' she gasped, 'but I want Daddy so bad, an' I can't help wishing the bad men were killed.'

'Those men may have their little chil-

so we'll start to-day, an' pray, an' pray, in quite a fresh way!

And the heavy heart of the soldier's wife seemed to grow lighter as she caught the infection of the child's enthusiasm, and saw the faith and hope dancing in her bright eyes.

That night she went, as usual, to her girlie's room, and beheld a small, white-clad figure kneeling in a shining patch of moonlight, with earnest, upturned face, and lips that moved in prayer. 'Oh, dear Jesus,' they said, 'don't kill our enemies, but make them our friends instead, so there can't be any more fightin, an' the Daddies won't die, an' the Mothers won't cry. This war's an awful, horrible thing, but you can stop it, 'cause you're King. So, Jesus, from your Home above, turn the hate to peace and love.'

Then the little figure crept into bed, unknowing of a listener whose prayers had followed hers.

Two or three weeks later, as Janie and her mother were sitting at breakfast, there was a sudden tumult in the streets, and a shout of 'Peace proclaimed!' rang out, to be caught up by voice after voice. Servants came running in, windows were hung up, and it really seemed as though the world would go mad with joy, everyone laughing and crying together.

'Peace—Peace proclaimed! Peace at last! The war was over!'

And Janie and her mother stood, hand in hand, their hearts full of thanks, and joy, as they whispered, 'He will come back to us now, our dear, brave soldier,' and Janie said, solemnly, 'God heard that prayer.'—Maud Maddick, in 'Friendly Greetings.'



SHE BEHELD A SMALL, WHITE-CLAD FIGURE.

will get hurt. Mummy says, so we're awful sad, an' frightened, 'cos Daddy's the dearest, bestest man on earth, an' we're just miserable since he's gone.' Then Janie's eyes would flash, and her little fists double up, as she cried, 'I hate the bad men, I do, who want to hurt my daddy, an' I hope they'll all be killed, and deaded.'

One day Mother heard this, and called the little girl to her room.

Janie went slowly, for she felt that Mother had not liked the 'killing and deading' idea, besides, it was horrid to see red rims to Mother's brown eyes, and all the pretty roses washed away from her cheeks

dren wanting them,' Mother said, with tears running down her cheeks.

Janie stared.

'Gracious! So they may, Mummy. Somehow I never thought o' that.' For some moments she was silent with dismay, her busy little brain thinking deeply, then she suddenly turned, beaming, and smiling.

'Why, mother,' she cried, 'now I know why the world's so wretched. I've been praying all wrong about this war, an' I guess most other folks, too. It isn't the killing an' deading God wants of the other men, or ours; it's the making friends, an' peace again, that'll put the world all right,

## Molly—A Sketch.

Old Molly Sorrel drew her shawl close round her as she came out of the church. Her eyes were sad and troubled, and her footsteps faltered.

Life had seemed very hard of late, and Molly was tired, and confessed to herself that she 'couldn't reckon things up.'

The sermon had been about the duty of love towards God. It had been delivered in very eloquent, and to Molly very obscure, language, and she was sore puzzled.

'Well, well,' she said to herself, 'if it is so, it is; but I can't understand it. I can't make meself love a person I've never seen, nor even know. They say he's here, but I've been a-seekin' him all me life, and never found him yet!'

On her way home from the day's chargin' the following night, she had to call at one of the big houses for some washing.

The kitchen was warm and bright and comfortable. Molly had had a hard day. She sat down near the fire, glad of a few minutes' rest while she waited for the bundle.

The cook was making preparations for the dinner. The soup smelled very good and appetizing. Molly thought of the eighteenpence in her pocket, and was wondering whether she could afford to get 'a